

OZ



2/3 : Pen pals page

Yes.
Judge Carlucci complains that he and others at the NSW Youth Advisory Committee "appear to have wasted their time" because their report has not been a support desk, for the frank of sixteen months before the Report is inaccurate, incomplete, unimportant and apologetically pompous. I further suggest that the report could have been compiled, with the less than, by any single competent journalist.

The report's inaccuracy is proven in its opening.

On page 27, eight lines are quoted and three of them ("Anatomy Of A Murder", "The World of John Wong", "Carnage") are either mis-quoted or incorrectly cited.

I counted in the appropriate sections 25 inches of type devoted to the shortcomings of TV, 113 inches to films, 54 inches to paperback books, 1 inches to cinema, 64 inches to pressbooks, 131 inches to teenage music and culture, 81 inches to newspapers, 81 inches to Architecture (University) and the University and, of course, a shocking 31 inches devoted to cigarettes.

Compared with this, a whole 34 inches (4 inch with alcohol, along with the admirable observation that "there is no authentic information available in NSW") Had the committee voted a few pages with a fraction of the otherwise they displayed at the cigarette they might have found a more reasonable of cigarette drinkers of both sexes.

The report is important in its attempt to suggest that the U.S. and U.K. Ambassadors should take action to prevent their respective nations exporting "smugly" paperbacks to our fair, frank shores.

This implies that the editors of these nations are deficient in their reading habits as compared to our pure standards. It implies the fact that we already have in our Federal Censorship and State Youth Squads, undesirable restrictions against individual literary liberty in quoting brief, spicy extracts from books, quite out of context, the report is guilty of delving in the cause of pure sensationalism.

The report, oddly enough, neglects the cigarette industry, efforts of mass employment, fails to recognize the youthful presence in contemporary culture, and the fact that the current literary landscape has about as much as we often more provocative than the non-sensory used in the cigarette packs.

A deplorable and easily proven refers to Rev. Allen Walker's Torque Censor: "The committee, in however, unable to say what horrors of unaccompanied girls of 14 in the combination of the company."

I would suggest that the report like other such, voluminous products, has been a prime factor in the current (if negatively) teenage "boom" as the upturn in the amount of smoking and publicity by the committee among potentially sensitive sections of youth has resulted in the negative contribution on the part of the Rockers and others.

While I have never requested the

solidity which allows a Judge (Dovey) to be connected with the fast industry and yet stand out before on social mobility as far court. I similarly point out that there are community figures such as Judge Carlucci (Judge) and Justice Harrison (Justice) who lead their names to the exercise of strong spirit and then from everything life goes within such fields.

Speaking from personal experience, pointed in at least three editorial clubs, I saw more hopeless dramatization, obscene language, heterosexual prurience, unaccompanied homosexuality, pornographic photography and gambling associated with these sports than I would expect to find in any wind-bug Becker group.

I do not say any of this in condemnation, I am just stating the facts as I see them and I will, within legal and prudent limits, elaborate these thoughts should Judge Carlucci or any other Judge care to challenge them through your columns.

I make their facts known so as to clarify or sensational but merely to suggest how little these wretched commentators know about the international career of youth—commentators that are stronger than these ridiculous ideas about over childless, constant sporting activity, keep-your-naturally-collective-up-to-date and a bid to turn youth into a bunch of anti-social creeps.

An old girl and to me "They can have their report so long as I can keep!" —End

So,
Before I saw OZ, I was a magazine type who subscribed only to more low publications like ERIC and PLAYBOY, but OZ is different. Only OZ is worthy of placing alongside my other magazines. Only OZ. Lovely, bouncy, hellishly funny OZ. Can you keep a tip, Dear Sir? I hope you can. BROTHERS BROTHER was written bad, and you can't know how awful an old PEOPLE can be on a dull weekend. Therefore, I have decided to subscribe to OZ. Merely through my medical cheque may be, I hope it helps keep OZ on the market.

David Niven,
Dundee Bay, N.S.W.

So,
When I heard that you were planning to publish a national journal I was delighted because a publication of this type is long overdue. Unfortunately, I find OZ disappointing. However, I do think its faults are corrigible, and that you may be stimulated by criticism.

The publication suffers from a great Australian defect: "Not enough is good enough." Well, it isn't. A journal which was content to publish material is somewhat less than a little less useful than the Queensland and more practical application seems indicated.

A more fundamental fault is the far-too-narrow editorial policy. To judge from your publicity, you are writing at an audience wider than that of Times Sport. It may be probable so large in mind that a great part of the public is either bored about time-wasting student topics such as free love, abortion, etc.

And the last small about these tedious Literatures the better. They may have managed to obtain all one titbit of our popular culture, but they have retained all the drabness.

Scratch a Librarian and you'll find the Rev. Allen Walker underneath.

The tone of some of the articles seemed to be rather snuffy and pedantic. Isn't "Piss Bitch Politics" a bit pedantic about the Show? I saw nothing odd about the combination of solemnity and lustiness.

However, I appreciate the general aim of cultural criticism, and endorse your attitude to censorship. But you must down your criticism more accurately, and criticize yourselves as well. Every Shakespeare is a wonderful artist because he knows just what he is writing at, and also because he hasn't cut himself off. He knows he is closely related to him. It.

So are you, and I think OZ has some average defects.

Chris Wagner,
Kewdale, N.S.W.

So,
Congratulations on 19 pages of direct, mainly, the May edition of OZ. I shall systematically avoid buying a whenever I see it on the newsstands. But don't be discouraged, fellows, with a little perseverance you may get somebody on the editorial staff to read it—there is a bet every day, you know.

L. B.
Cremorne, N.S.W.

P.S. However, I may buy the edition in case of you print this.

So,
A couple of months ago co-pilot chief, Colin Delaney, was quoted as saying "Homosexuality is the greatest menace facing Australia." (S.M.H., March 11) This is no exaggeration. Visions I've met from overseas have often limited my social shame and two years ago the State Government found it necessary to establish a committee to examine the problem.

This committee's report, recently tabled in Parliament, has recommended a complete re-organization of our attitudes to homosexuality, which is, as a topic in the wilderness of our apparently diminishing heterosexual section of the community, would like to endorse fully.

Why should I go on a heterosexual crusade among those fellows—then, incidentally, promoting active competition—when medical authorities seem to have more arguments against smoking and drinking than homosexuality. At least there is no problem of stigmatized children or female rape.

What is more, as I am about to show, homosexuality may well be hampered by the good of the whole country.

So there is no greater scandal in this country today—beyond that to which I have already alluded—than the state of our national defence.

I wonder if the young ladies who turned up for the last night dance of the U.S.S. Great Sea a few weeks ago realized that they were bouncing around on the flywheel of a weapon of greater striking force than both our Navy and Air Force combined?

Admittedly, Australia has a limited budget. Yet the weaknesses of our Defence apparatus stem from something more fundamental, a lack of "spirit", a lack of enthusiasm in the servicemen himself. Ultimately, a lack of courage.

Now it is in these qualities that the homosexual man will have the edge on the heterosexual currently being recruited.

You may no doubt aware that an ordinary life is easier than it has the opportunity to perform some deed before his capture. Apparently the same principle holds true for a homosexual and his lover.

In fact this principle has historical verification in the many accounts of the now famous "Second Band of Thieves" recruited by the great Greek commander, Epaminondas. The "Second Band" consisted of three hundred soldiers—a hundred and fifty years of lovers. It was regarded as invincible.

The advantages of such a system are obvious.

Every soldier is in a much better state of mind for having the constant companionship of his loved one. Moreover, in every battle-movement he is called

upon to make he is absolutely on his hands and feet of depressing himself behind the eyes of the subject of his devotion.

Surely there have in our chance to utilize this great homosexual population of ours. The steps are simple enough.

Firstly, describing our current (lover and call for "pairs of recruits" (Incidentally a parallel project would operate for the female units). These pairs would be carefully screened, sworn to fidelity, then married.

An Official Marriage Bureau would be necessary to keep applicants to a minimum. In the case of irresponsible applicants some system of re-building and re-marriage would need to be devised.

A Department of Lonely Hearts is essential. A potential recruit, unable to procure a partner, would need its assistance. It could work on the lines of vulgar civilian clubs. The Department's ultimate aim would be to provide the services with as many stable couples as possible.

Plans long ago in his "Scopemaster" published, "If, then, one could contrive that a state or an army should entirely consist of lovers and lovers in hundreds of such men fighting side by side would defeat practically the whole world."

Imagine Australia defended by such a force. Sir, we would be the envy of the whole world. Irresistible Australia!

Think of the men's morale. Army camps would be their joy.

No more dreams of a girl in every post or dreams for shore leave—who needs to leave a paradise even for a day?

"Army Camps for army camps" would be one slogan and "Cool Sex the Queen" on every lip.

By so simple an expedient may the nation's safety be safeguarded to protect us from the outside without

"BIGGER".

CONCORD, N.S.W.

(Name and address supplied)

Sir,

I did agree she who attended the playgrounding by the University of N.S.W. Domestic Society of Mrs. Hazen's "And Then Followed Home A Corner of Truth" (reviewed in OZ. May) notice the similarity between this effort of Hazen's and a play which Noel Coward wrote years ago called "Post Mortem".

The similarity of theme and even the background scenes of both fields and an actual home in an English country are unmistakable to anyone who has read "Post Mortem".

One wonders whether "the pecking of other people's bones" is a favourite hobby of Mrs. Hazen's, and while I'm the first to admit that "there's nothing new under the sun" I feel that Mrs. Hazen should not have underlined the playgrounding habits or the perception of the public.

I regard as a piece of colossal cheek (if indeed this plagiarism was intentional) to assume that people would not be aware of the similarity of the two plays. He might at least have stated with apologies to Noel Coward

William Davis,

Essex

**You
need
Oz!**



There's nothing like an OZ to brighten up the home -

Scatter OZ's around the living room, kitchen, bedroom. Love your cupboards, clean your windows, wrap up the rubbish - OZ-entertainment is back in fashion. Make sure of your OZ each month. Fill the coupon below, rush to OZ, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose £ / / as payment for months subscription to OZ (10/- for 6 months, £1 per year)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

OZ began as a small magazine with a limited circulation.

The first issue sold 7,500, the second 8,500. With OZ, JUNE, we have now ventured overseas.

All this has meant a great strain on our present small premises. So we have decided to move.

We are now situated in Hunter Street, Sydney's most progressive street just a few doors up from the Herald.

Our full address is:

OZ MAGAZINE

**4th Floor,
16 Hunter Street,
SYDNEY**

Our two telephone lines are: BW 4197 and BW 7633.

Published by "OZ Publications Inc. Limited", 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, BW 4197

Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh

Make-up: Bob Thompson

Receptionist: Martin Sharp

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Editorial Assistants: Gena Evston, Robyn Cooper, Lyn Murray, Mike Robertson, Alex Popov

Secretary: Harry Bailer

Assistant Secretary: Winifred

THAT WAS ... MAY

THE People-Chamber subject was interesting for people like me.

It makes you as glad that you're just a normal fellow, with a normal 9 to 5 job and the family to come home to every evening.

But I'm a real sucker for that court room drama, the full gathering, the bullying barristers, the dumb cops, the goodies and the baddies (were there any goodies?).

In the last month I have literally gone through a small fortune in soapstone keeping up with the very latest.

But why waste? There's a TV coverage! With an AG classification it could have been shown after the late news.

At least the P.M.s. could have arranged a service where you could ring up to hear what latest issue had been split.

Daily Mirror, May 23. "An unimagined bombshell in the middle of Martin Place will soon be removed by Sydney City Council." Also, it is only the entrance to the men's lavatory.

What is so unknown about being unemployed?

It is certainly not the fact that you are doing nothing — for every third Australian suffers that in the main, as late May, it is the fact that you have to put a shield over it with for "Occupation" on all these forms that are so much a part of the Australian Way of Life.

The solution to the national problem is simple enough (and the unemployed a job where they don't have to do anything but which will give them the dignity of employment).

Now, of course, you might say that Bill Nicholson is an opportunist about the workable situation.

The Government has come to a special agreement to have all the unemployed placed in charities. This is an option for a large monthly donation to the state fund.

The unemployed will thus be able to hold their heads high without embarrassing the Government into finding them jobs where they do not want.

There may be some difficulty in doing up who is going to go on duty at the shelter over drinks in the day work. But this contingency is no concern to worry clever Bill Nicholson.

APPARENTLY there are two "Bull" Canons.

On May 12, the Sun-Herald's Jim Mathies from New York wired a story about a "Bull" Canon with a "honey-meat part." — "The wren, as he speaks, is at variance with the nickname 'Bull' — it is soft and gentle, and he belongs to the Sunday-morning south of England, meat-judges and back-wheel

rides."

On exactly the same day the Sunday Mirror's Raymond Kershaw, a "special reporter in race-line Alibiism", interviewed a "Bull" Canon who "boasted in his big, bull-dog voice" and "bellowed defiance".

Raymond writes "Bull" as attributing his nickname to the fact that "I used to be a football announcer and people would say 'Who's that bawling about that bull?'"

Jim Mathies is that "His nickname incidentally is derived from the 'bull-horn' — a metaphor — which he constantly uses to make his point more clearly."

Well, what's got the bull by the horns?

Here of the Month: Noel Coward
Thank God, he finds himself so amusing.

Cyclone Relief Fund

This month GZ announced the commencement of its Cyclone Relief Fund. The proceeds will benefit the cyclone victims by the recent cyclone disaster in Central Australia.

Local Government authorities, Lord Mayors, policemen and men in the street have been quick to be prompted into helping generous people on our behalf.

Unlike other newspapers warning once the charity-publicity bandwagon, we frankly admit that by establishing this fund we are duplicating efforts already being made in this field. Nor will we deny that if we were to advertise as we are publicity-conscious we would give every support to the pre-existing appeals rather than competing with our own.

The first contribution is £5 from GZ Publications Ltd. We anticipate being able to share others into donating.

We are the Lord's Vassals

THE report of the N.W. Youth Policy Advisory Committee (happily known as the **Curtis Report**), only recently made available to the general public, is a truly remarkable document.

For the sheer quantity of unadorned conclusions it comes to a total at a world record.

This is the way Social Science works in B.S.W. in 1953.

A committee of prominent citizens, each safely insulated on his or her particular hobby horse, sets its address on the state of youth in N.W. Youth is apparently a genus of Homo sapiens somewhat younger and slier than the members of the committee, thus leaving no caller their patronage.

Youth's affliction with Home appears somewhat obscured by the fact that

the committee's report (partly by the simple expedient of using a capital "Y" throughout) is only to measure a certain area about the "Yerth Youth" in the end one suspects that Youth is not very unique and a lot too Hittite for the committee's liking.

The not very impartial jury receives evidence from interested parties — "Yr depts", as used by the committee, appears to have lost its usual meaning of "factual information" and is now synonymous with "unopposed agreement".

Instead of being appalled at the lack of factual data available so far as lower management might, the committee almost goes out of its way not to be influenced by facts. Dr. Doris Odell and Lady Barbara Woodson are quoted as saying "Claims that television was harmful to children have not been substantiated".

Fortunately the committee, which can use every good reason for television corrupting the minds of Youth — although admittedly as yet without any evidence for the old saws of the world — is not to be so easily bluffed out of making unadorned claims. The opinions of these two international authorities are accordingly dismissed as "too sweeping".

Thus carefully distancing from its collected mind anything in the way of fact, the committee produces a huge volume of "evidence" for the new sense of the world. No attempt is made to assess the qualifications of the various bodies making the submissions. They are merely presented in summary form without comment.

But the most remarkable feat of the committee is its amazing waste into the field of sampling. Section 3 of the report sets out in present as with the opinions of Youth itself. This consists of a summary of the views of forty-three Oxford Bound boys and of eight Youthies who wrote to the committee.

An anthology of prejudices and unopposed opinions as to its sample of how we can put a true picture of the children and needs of youth, perhaps the report has an old world charm.

As an example with which the State Government might conceivably try to justify future legislation it is a truly precious and deplorable document.

[N Home the Pope has dyed] in Sydney the vicarages of his health give a healthy boost to news paper sales.

On no day, as on a more, perhaps he is already dead by the time this is printed.

Pope John was a great exponent of a virtue which is often called a "Christian virtue", but is more indeed amongst ecclesiastical tolerance.

He will be missed.

—editor

Selling the A.L.P.

Political commentators agree that the Labour Party's excellent inter-union advertising in the last Federal elections had a significant influence on the campaign swing to Labour. Next election, the campaign is being handled by the same advertising agency, Hansen Robinson—McCann Douglas. A key organizer in the campaign is Miss Joyce Bellmore.



What to do when the Indonesians come

NO doubt all of you are well aware that any day now we are expecting our little neighbours from the north to drop in on us. They may stay some time.

To help you help them adapt to the Australian way of life we have asked a Civil Defence leader to answer those questions most often asked:

Q: What is Indonesia?

A: Indonesia is a group of Pacific Islands, jokingly known as the "South Sea Bubble." Capital: Honolulu. Population: dome, Chinese, wet and dry (in that order). Leader: President Soekarno (rhymes with "macquarie"). Currency: none. Proposed currency: the bang. Exports: hemp, jade, Dutch citizens, soya sauce and Masala Soldiers.

Q: How will I know when the Indonesians have arrived?

A: Well, one day you will wake up and see the skies full of big Russian bombers. You will know they are not Russians because they will be colliding with each other and crashing into buildings and so on. You see our little neighbours are not very good at flying yet. Also the harbour will be chock-a-block with native canoes. Incidentally, the main storage points for this delightful historic landing will be North Head, Bradley's Head, Pylon Lookout and the Chumras Terminal, where, it is understood, the Immigration Minister will be on duty to expedite all landing procedures.

Q: What will they look like?

A: The Indonesian complexion is deep, deep olive. He wears dark glasses, a hole-hole skirt and a carous Air Force cap.

CAUTION: You ex-concentration camp inmates must be careful not to confuse our lovely little Indonesian friends with our late Japanese enemies. Indonesians don't have slanting eyes and they aren't bandy-legged.

Q: How will they spend their first day?

A: After the rape and carnage, they will probably want to have a parade. Now is the time to produce those old Waratah Festival floats and join them in an effervescent celebration of their victory, our defeat.

Mock up a few "Sydney Opens Its Heart to Yellow Peril" banners and deck the streets with gay bunting. When the marching girls are on their feet again they may like to join the back of the procession.

Do not look nonplussed, Act cheerful and take it as it is in good part.

Above, all make them feel wanted.

Q: How can I do my bit to make them feel wanted?

A: Take one—or two or three or four—of them into your home—and into your heart.

Q: How can I make them feel at home?

A: Select a small area of your garden. Erect a wigwam, igloo, pup-tent, beach-umbrella, etc. (If your lucky already has a cabbyhouse this would be ideal.) Line the same with the grass (flower?) effluents from your Vesta mower. Equip with 1 palanquin, 1 prime-stove, 1 teenage daughter (optional), 1 bed-pan.

CAUTION: The Indonesian is easily toilet-trained. A sand-tray should therefore be provided. If he should accidentally slip indoors and soil the new Burgundy wall-to-wall use the age-old remedy—rub his nose in it.

Q: What will I feed them on?

A: The Indonesian is a three-daily rice man. Next month we will publish our special feature "A Hundred Ways to Serve Rice." Indonesians do eat other things.

CAUTION: It is best to keep indoors around dinner time.

Q: How can I make them feel they belong?

A: Kiss your "adopted" Indonesian an all-Australian pure-wool one for him to wear to his tribal meetings.

It is understood that Indonesians do not speak fluent Australian. Learn his language (The W.E.A. will probably run extra classes.)

Editorial

AUSTRALIANS are recognised the world over as "good sports".

When we lose this battle, let us not also lose our dignity. Let us give the Indonesians such a welcome to our famed shores as will go down in the annals of Time.

Let us, for sure, make a token defence of our beautiful harbour (of which we are justly proud) but do not let us be turned from our abiding sympathy for the underdog.

In the words of the great Grandfather Race:

Let the national borders of us of the Downunder have a welcome to the little man of Upover.

The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man

FIRST ARTISTIC EFFORTS OF FRIMBLE ON LAMINATORY WALL AT SCHOOL. These received acclaim from his fellow students - Became Top decorator of all the school's laundry walls



3 years later - a venting gallery director opening an 'end of term' service on the Australian Art-
BOOM! discovered their passionate scribbles (still 'killing himself')
(Bright!)



After a long search - in all the Pash hangouts - The Art Dealer discovered one opening person for his **PLAYLAND** playing his portable machines



After an extensive period of training in the Art Dealer's course in 'Youngbloodermaking' their adolescent artist was ready for release



Down with the charm most - you gotta be C-U-T-E youthful exuberant smile - Clean, Healthy, Refined etc. now **WINE!**

He attended exhibition drawings of the SM ladies and drinks at his "Wonder Castle"



Black, White, In Between, Apple, Daisy, Squares They were my man They were my man
GUTSIE, MAN GUTSIE

WON SEVERAL ART PRIZES, awarded by a trustee loan to and to Ford painting Co.



He called **NED KEEPER** in the open beauty country and still not yet 600 yard!

After suitable pre-pubing The Art Dealer decided this painting was ready for his first **one man** **SHOW..**

With a most **EXTRAVAGANT** drawing Authentic derisive were reported from La Bourse to play in dignities to accompany Col Joyce drawing speech, mortals were hand caught by Dean Frederick fragments from Anger's Rock. Scavenging archaic grades and depple Venegas now distributed by Stokess from A.T. The show had sold out 3 days later



THE CRITICS RAVED!

While Whitehead quickly integrated the most authentic to be noted by the critics... (text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

WON Teaching Scholarship - went to London **RAVE RAVE, RAVE** The Australian Renaissance in full bloom. **WHAT GUTS, WHAT VISION!** Sold out 7 photos in 3 weeks. Involved in show at Down Under Club - Best up Salvation Army Parade and 3 Bantams. Next show at Whitehead's Gallery - only one painting sold to Lady the Hon. Mrs. Smith. discovered 8 poor letter words on back of Canvas - Critics charged his Art as 'reproduction and crude caricature parodying' - presented to the colonies returned to Australia - not devoted to any language - not designed at Wonder Castle - old school in practical beauty walls. joined Young Seemanns Booming Troupe



Commencement of 1963

No-one's a genuine Big Game Hunter till they've been to South Africa; and now, more than ever, South Africa is the international centre for this exciting outdoor sport.

True, our famous herds of buffaloes, elephants, tigers and so on have almost become extinct. But now we've re-stocked our game reserves with the most dangerous animals of all time—wild niggers.

Cunning, fleet-footed, voracious, they roam the countryside in giant packs or hide in secluded native villages.

To celebrate our first National Nigger Hunt we've organised safari to depart

every hour, on the hour, from Capetown. They have all the glamour and tradition of the safari, granted never stopped talking about how's your chance to thrill to the cry of wild game on the run, swell with pride when your bullet sinks home. And don't forget your slapping knives!

Our special excursion will take the camera enthusiasts inside a nigger's den to see them mating.

For those hunters on a bigger budget, we've a special surprise in store. Helicopters, fitted with machine-guns, will fly you over lush game reserves just like war-movies! See how the nigger packs scatter—you can slaughter a thousand in an afternoon.

Have been "nigger-skinning"? This new craze is fast catching on. Our safari surrounds a sleepy nigger village in the dead of night, then the thatched huts are set to flame. See how they run screaming with their lousy heads all ablaze. Smell them, too.

The sportsman who likes to relax can take advantage of our cleverly designed Nigger Decoy. Set these life-sized, rubber inflatable negroes anywhere and they'll attract hordes of Black Niggers. They come in two styles: Decoyed Dandrige and Carmine Jones. And anyone can imitate typical nigger blues

with our Belafonte nigger whistle — just blow, then load your rifle.

However, hunters should be warned:

- some niggers are armed with little rocks,
- a wounded nigger is a dangerous animal,
- don't be fooled by tame

niggers — there's no such beast.

The American Goshawk Company offers its

CONGRATULATIONS

to Uncle Tom's Cabins on the commencement of the 1963 nigger hunting season.

- For our latest booklet "Convert your old oven into a modern Gun Chamber", send to us, Box 44, Little Rock.

In South Africa niggers are a national pest. They eat the crops and drink the water supplies. So every head mounted above your fire-place is another blow for our national economy.

Remember, South Africa has been famous for centuries and we cherish our reputation. This is the holiday you have been waiting for.

See you on safari!

THE HUNTER'S ANTHEM

Sing Along with Bull Connor

*Ten little nigger boys marching in a line
They marched to Alabama,
Now there are none*

*Nine little nigger boys left in the State,
Here comes a puppy dog
Now there are eight*

*Eight little nigger boys pray to go to Heaven,
All the churches shut their doors
Now there are seven*

*Seven little nigger boys tried to inter-marry,
They tried in Mississippi,
Now there are six*

*Six little nigger boys still left alive,
They went to South Africa,
Now there are five*

*Five little nigger boys broke the Boy Law
One caught legal aid
Now there are four,*

*Four little nigger boys at long last set free,
One was locked up again
Now there are three*

*Three little nigger boys tried these wives to woo,
One didn't have a permit,
Now there are two*

*Two little nigger boys playing in the sun
One broke the curfew
Now there is one.*

*One little nigger boy obviously alone,
Here comes a hunter
Now there are none.*

*No little nigger boys left to molest,
Life is rather dull now,
So who'll we shoot up next?*

Nigger-hunting season



OVERSEAS SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE NOTE

The Federal Government has announced that this year again there will be no open aborigine hunting season in Australia.

This is in accordance with its policy of protecting and maintaining native fauna.

In making this announcement the Government has again reminded that it is illegal to keep aborigines as pets and that all aborigines being so kept must be returned to their native sanctuaries.

(In Australia aborigines are maintained as an historical curiosity and tourist attraction in special native sanctuaries. Here they are given a scientifically-prepared, alcohol-free diet.)

Have the westerns on TV made your trigger finger itchy? Well, partner, clean your Colt 45, load your Winchester and come to the Alabama nigger hunt. Sponsored by the same Klan that organised the memorable Meredith chase in Mississippi and the headline hitting hunt in Little Rock, this year's season will be bigger and better than ever.

We promise a full press coverage of every hunt.

There'll be no annoying delays in tracking down the prey. Niggers have flocked to our healthy southern climate and some sections of the townships are inhabited by them exclusively.

To assist hunters we've lookouts scattered all over the State — there's a ranger in every rectory. Hunting dogs too, have been added as a special attraction.

Perhaps the most successful gunnicks is the new game "Water Skatter". Fire hoses are supplied to each hunter, who competes for a valuable prize. The idea is

simply to knock as many niggers off their feet with such burst.

Still in vogue, of course, are the time-tested announcements of whipping, hanging and castrating.

A full range of grenades and bombs are available to the hunter. Hurled through the windows of nigger homes, these provide a colourful spectacle, especially at night.

Although originally imported from Central Africa, our niggers have been carefully bred and trained for the contest.

Hurry along to Uncle Tom's Cabin. It's a holiday you'll never forget!

Boneless TINNED NIGGER

"Guaranteed not to go where in the tin"

Just arrived South Africa's new controversial taste sensation specially selected, pre-fattened niggers deep fried in their own juice



• Ask for it by name—genuine South African boneless tinned nigger

Ozword No. 3

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|----|--|----|---|
| | At 1866 | | |
| 1. | A new Yankee theatre that started off successfully with <i>Cherry Orchard</i> . | 12 | A constantly increasing likelihood of a more facile expression of a more free society, involving, without, perhaps, inevitable, unproven as yet. This I believe. |
| 5 | (Across and down) "Pompom-pom!" From the soldiers in the trenches is but a step Pyrrhus, let us say! Or stoicisms powered tankers, clouds? Or, put the case, those complicated combinations, combinations?" ¹⁸ It is a war! | 14 | Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, but when you find a man who has been the milk" (Thompson) |
| | Hardships for column taken up a lot of good advertising space in the <i>Sunday Telegraph</i> . | 16 | The recent friends of President John F. Kennedy |
| 9 | Who with "masses barred" on Oscar Wilde's poem the <i>Impress</i> ! | 17 | A good strip read by Western mind. Yes, Gingers, space industries, stereotypes, Mac Rube, people being between Pyrrhus and Killars, and a high contemptuous |
| 14 | A close friend for Jove's sake has been embodied here. Blessed be the that spurs, "Glad" strings, and for that matter my house. (Shakespeare's opinion) | 19 | "The Victorian Government is giving the complex (Pyrrhus Alexander, August Gollie) a pair of European Gollie, mounted on silver. The Secretary of State we really expected him to send a set of medals were |



bookends" (editorial, *Daily*
Herald).

20. "I positively . . . Miss Dombey, I—I am perfectly sure with knowing her."

[illegible]

2. An Italian film recently at the Lake, with the marvelous Marcello Mastroianni. It concerned marital boredom and the same extended to the audience.

Mr and Mrs How-Chung-
bell, Lancaster, Theodora,
Little Nell and Baby Pie.

- 4) "An... has happened upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent" (Edmund Burke [1791])

6. Where did the Indian
Missionary begin in 1857?
7. "There is a lady
Who never flows as pleased
any mind,
I did but see her passing
by,
And yet I love her till I
die" (M. G. Alderson)

- 11 Oppressed people of West
 Africa
 12 "You're not an
 "you're an *alien*!" (Ibn
 For Gytz)
 13 "There was an Age in the
 days that were earlier
 Centuries passed, and his
 human nature
 Centuries made gave it
 to the west—
 Then he was Man—and a
 "Fountain" (Mortimer
 Collins)
 14 "With this slave,
 "Blood, barely *alien*!"
 allyship,
 15 Half the World did not
 believe in Him; the rest
 did not believe in *Christ*
 White.

SOLUTIONS TO EX. 3

1000

1. 6. Jyoti Mansfield; 8. Chandra; 10. "Neville"; 12. Hecart; 13. Error; 14. Clarend; 15. 1974; 17. Ben; 18. Sam; 19. Price Glines.

1000

2. Anna Wengle; 3. Emil Nolde;
4. Ed. J. Strydomer Glass (about
1948 in the chronicles of the
Glass family); 7. Diebstahl;
9. Sei; 10. Kari Hardie (1980);
14. Coops like Song of the Mind
Project; 15. from; 16. Storm.



Abolition of Transportation

THE colony of New South Wales was founded on a system of transportation.

To be eligible for an assigned passage to the colony under this system, no very arduous requirements had to be fulfilled and there was a certain period of bond-age on arrival.

However, in the mid-nineteenth century the first phase of the Hygiene-Britain campaign concluded with the abolition of transportation by the British Government on the agitation of the colonial citizens.

In more recent times a new and more cautious form of public transportation has crept back into this State. Fortunately, however, as this cautious new State Government has proved itself to be of sufficient strength and initiative to purge the State of the curse of its own violence despite the opposition of unguided public opinion.

As with such other social evils as drinking, smoking, and gambling, the vast capacity of the population will not be

persuaded that transportation is detrimental to our way of life.

A less disinterested government than our own would simply bow to the demands of the public. We can be thankful that our Government has not sought to rid this city of anything that could be depicted as a spirit of public transportation.

Before the Government's program as far as it extended, remember that this Government did not create the system, it was an unwanted legacy from previous administrations.

Opponents of the Government would have us believe that it has tried to amend transportation. Do not be misled by criticism for which there is not a shred of supporting evidence.

Public opinion being the force that it is, the Government has strenuously had to proceed cautiously. Imperceptibly the doors for trains, buses and trams have been gradually increased.

Nothing has more successfully turned people to the use of taxis and their own cars.

Nevertheless, the public is slow to realize how concerned the Government is for its welfare and has always kindly opposed the fact of concern.

So the Government has had to resort to other methods. It has increased the number of sections, reduced the number of services on each route, limited some routes to a peak hour service.

This last is a very clever device since, with no weekend services, the public is forced to buy a car or stay at home. Owing a car they no longer require public transport during the week.

The master stroke was the abolition of sleep.

Well established frequent train services were replaced by buses, more difficult to get into than an bus down and holding less people, with less frequent services and — those die persistent — the bus routes can be altered as often as the Government feels it necessary to confuse the public.

Moreover, the removal of train lines has made road vehicles better for those private means of transport which the Government is encouraging us all to adopt.

The Government has also resorted to methods of public transportation.

To a person who still believes that our public transport system is serving the public, nothing is more convincing than to find that most of the buses which carry along our main roads have the destination "Speed" or set down first at some unknown street to have only one door open.

Lastly, a sympathetic word for the transport workers — those thousands of porters, concourse conductors and drivers who maintain this dubious service to the public.

Nothing compares by difficulty to the task of assisting the Government make the public realize that transportation is something which can be, and should be, dispensed with. In this our transportation workers are performing sterling service.

Their greatest contribution is, of course, the strike.

Despite the continual exposure to accidents, they are prepared to withstand public opinion and every so often bring the whole transportation system to a standstill in this way the public is brought to realize that it is possible to get to work without the current services and that buses are completely dispensable.

Other methods of discouraging the public have been tried with varying success, such as having the rear destination board removed from buses, not waiting for passengers boarding for buses, rudely snatching passengers waiting at stops, and so on.

No one can deny that the Government's measures, supported wholly and unreservedly by its employees, is succeeding. Only a remnant of the once thriving transportation system now remains.

With a little more concerted effort in the right direction the abolition of transportation can become not only an historical but social reality.

—L. W. Coleman

Become An Oztronaut

First prize: 22 world trips !!

OZ announces a special series of £100,000 lotteries to finance an **AUSTRALIAN OZTRONAUT**.

The **OZTRONAUT** will fly in a special security rocket featuring a small cylinder of scrap iron and an oxygen tank.

Throughout his 22 orbit flights he will be accompanied by an air conditioned, temperature-regulated, leather-buffed Press rocket which will intercept the backwash of TV cameras, radio microphones, plus cameras and reporters.

The **OZTRONAUT**, if/when he returns will be captured to relate his experiences for the World Press.

If there is time, he will also be given a brief medical examination.

OZ is looking for a **FAMILY MAN** !!

He should have some experience in public relations, with a background of radio work and lay preaching. Strangers should have passed pretty Daughters and an occasional wife.

The successful entrant will undergo a rigid two-year training course in speech-making, television acting, proper writing and interviewing techniques.

Our **OZTRONAUT** will be a man who likes to travel but who is not interested in meeting people. Some scientific training is helpful, but not essential.

Here's what you do:

Just send us your name and address, enclosing a recent photo of your family. Then complete the following questions in not more than 50 words. "Random" rockets are good, but

Social Top Twenty

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialites, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press

1. Mrs K Nash
2. Anne van Bochove
3. Mrs C. R. McKerrichen
4. Mrs Norman Jenkyn
5. Lady Berryman
6. Mrs. Ellen Jacoby
7. Mrs. Katie Grahams
8. Gayl Galbreath
9. Mrs John Lumske
10. Mrs Ellyse Marshfield
11. Nicholas Ralston
12. Mrs "Wika" Latsman
13. Mrs Dick Packley
14. Mrs Arthur Gellan
15. Lady Flewman
16. Mrs Max Starren
17. Mr Leslie Wolford
18. Mrs Eileen Copeland
19. Dr. Cobber to Von Morgan
20. Mrs. Nola Delkysman and Rev. Gordon Powell

IN terms of social news Sydney is rather like a ghost town at present. This gives a much smaller chance to hit the top this month. However to Mrs. Nash for her clever use of social resources. After throwing the party of the year last January, she set herself up as a fashion personality in her continuous appearances (Mirror 8/3/63) Bona did socialists want her photo despite the debt!

LAST month I reported that Anne van Bochove and Nicholas Ralston were jockeying for top position. Well, Nicholas has really dropped out of the picture this month. She still has to learn that her marriage planck must be laid squarely if it is to keep its publicity value. On the other hand Anne's popularity and superb sense of timing cannot be a high thing. Who else would reveal their Pindian fantasies at an escape away party so blatantly? "Anne gave me a six foot high smile called them in an engagement present, and — what's more — during the party they brought a cat. I didn't think Mrs looked very relaxed." (S.T. 12/3/63) When Anne pulls smugs like that, what hope has poor Nicholas got?

IT'S really wonderful to see that grand old woman of Sydney society Mrs Ray McKerrichen back in the social whirl again. Unfortunately her appearance, though brilliant, was brief, as she returned to Hong Kong on May 31. Her progress has been triumphant, her social resources inexhaustible, but it is as the "fond grandmother" (S.T. 2/3/63) that she lives on and dwells in our hearts.

THE North Shore loss of Mrs. Jenkyn will be thrilling to read that their local resources has really hit the big time this month. She has always been a popular person in the "North Shore Times" and now she's been discovered by the down-town press. Her appeal has become truly cosmopolitan since she has got out of her provincial restrictions. In one busy evening she had to attend a cocktail party for the C-G for the Netherlands and the Norwegian National Day Party (S.H. 19/3/63). Even her own kids gushings way up to Fremble have taken an international flower, with a dinner party for Sir Percy and Lady Spender (Daily News 19/3/63) and a farewell luncheon party for Lady Williams. Among the guests at this latest "post-war" were "Countess Petrussewskaja, Thomas Allen, Phyllis Wood and Rachel Lamb" (S.H. 19/3/63). Who said Australians were racially prejudiced?

LADY BERRYMAN has made a comeback this month. I'm happy to report. The finest flower girl of the party in the days of Prince's was a lot in her brilliant, high-headed gown. Either by luck or genius Lady B always

managed to dress appropriately. This time she was a highlight among the flowers.

SYDNEY'S society is talking about what Kate Galbreath did last month. She left Gayl high and dry on the south wing while she got high on the 5th, reclining in Douglas Lamb's collar. "I've always been interested in water," she said. "And I find that you can tell how the things you enjoy yourself." (Sun 2/3/63). But perhaps dear Gayl up is a good thing. I've heard somewhere that the family that drinks together sticks together.

THE perpetual sunshine of her smile guarantees Mrs. Lumske a position somewhere on the Social Top Twenty. Can one smile and smile and smile and be a villain?

THE thoughtfulness of Nola Delkysman's two profiles is giving her a little bit of May-day-the-value at a Mother's Day present was her big score for "Mother of the Month" (S.T. 19/3/63). Where everywhere will know just how to take such a touching present!

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY PLAYERS PRESENT

A double bill

"CRUEL" by Jean Anouilh

"THE RESPONSE OVERCUT" by Mankowitz

June 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22: 8 p.m.

Union Theatre

Starring Rosemary Gerrett & Stefan Geyl

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the White House



Was MY face red . . .

Governor Rockefeller has really fooled it.

Politicians in Yonkersland have got to be glib-swingy about their family life or they'll get swept under the rug. The wife of Rocky's choice is plainly not the ideal wife of the voters' choice, says Rocky. He had the "Rubens." The Governor plainly showed how divorced his money last year and fed young "Whitings" or whatever his name was, to the press when in office, as none for the polls.

Now, God help us, we got now to look forward to not Harry Goldwater, who looks to his friends for advice, or Jack Kennedy, who looks to his children. Caroline runs yet to his first teenage money of the U.S. of A. if they keep letting those red-headed square-jawed moneybags vote.

Rocky was either a misanthropist who wanted to be a Ninety President or else a crook who figured he never could be anyway so what the hell. Or maybe he calculated that his public looked on him as a bloody capitalist and divorcing the female like that gave them something to converse.

But suppose the mob is to be done it all wrong. Yank voters are sort of all-mysterious, somehow, and if they can't imagine their families and celebrities and change on the between Negroes or the profligate Senators they have it on their candidates instead. A candidate has got to be impetuously and lame has with fire and because if he isn't then all the anti-responsible anti-features will develop a conscience.

The Voter is a poor little bottomless sack with pollen-dust underpants and a million inhibitions which means over him are used bodies. So he builds himself a propellant to hang the burden on. That way he feels more comfy.

But this Bottomless by definition is a non-memorable person and his propensities don't come out. He's got to be unthought. Most of them are just plain beautiful bodies. Wherefore Bottomness has re-

jected. At least, who was a Catholic, and accused Dwight Eisenhower, who was a Jehovah's Witness.

This brings us to the social business of Rocky-Rocky was a hospitalier power-erous batch of eggs, percentage that was presented to Dick Nixon in 1952 by one of his admiring supporters.

Now our very round back, Dick Nixon, an ex-senator, Congressman, this pretty champagne-brick, was arrested for Vice-President under the his liked him because that was a debating competition in 1946 and if there was anything, the General needed it was an answer. Dicky, Splendid! Everything was hunky-dory, until July, when the headline screamers got in.

Nixon, they howled, with teeth dripping blood, had taken a bribe from a big business concern, seventy thousand bucks. It was true too, by God. Absolute proof. Well the Republicans got pills. They blazed furiously to see that Richard the Wise General had done the dirty and should be dropped like a mass of postage. A duck pond full over the scoundrel. But Dick saved the team. What he did was this:

He got an hour of prime time on July 14 Saturday night, on all channels, and, as a stroke of genius, he brought Rocky.

Rocky weeded.

"We have many supporters," said Dick, as the nation sat with falling telescopes and Moon-men held tight about their heads, "and many have sent us gifts. This is one of them."

"That is likely fit up Rocky. That's it. Now my people, my citizens, I ask you, should I send this money back? Should I? For if I do this, I should also SEND DICKY BACK! Should I do that, my people? Should I send back Rocky?"

"Wooff!"

Well what if he does, like Rocky? said the voters. He certainly likes mammals. Julia Stevenson lost the election. He was divorced.

Private life, you see, has got to be carefully indicated, as you've had the purple hearted Senator J. Kennedy.

Now there are three laws in this country, to protect the innocent and comfort the wealthy. So I'd better put some facts. Like a collection, sort of.

Jack Kennedy is a Catholic. He is also a Democrat. Jackie Kennedy is his wife. She used to be a Republican Catholic but she's not any more. But both of them are Catholics still.

Jack and Jackie got married in 1957. They were very happy. The Saturday Evening Post had just named Jack the most eligible bachelor on Capitol Hill. This was good publicity. The big laugh was on the Post, and everyone thought it was very funny. It was.

Then Jackie got pregnant. It was 1958. Jack was trying to be vice president that year. But he lost. And Jackie lost the baby too. His name was going to be John James.

In 1957 Jack was trying very hard to be President. He tried very hard for the next three years. Then in 1960 he came

very close and Jackie got pregnant again. The people admired Jackie because she was pregnant and brave and they voted for Jack and made him boss. She had the baby this time. His name was John James.

Jack and Jackie are both Catholics. Catholics do not believe in birth control.

They are also Liberal Democrats. Perhaps they are Liberal Catholics.

Perhaps they are stupid Catholics.

Sometimes your wife is so top hole you can get along with murder. Teddy Kennedy got shocked out of Harvard for cheating. Wendell Wilson like Republican nomination for President in 1940) was a Democrat. Teddy came off best though.

Teddy admitted it cheerfully. Sure I cheated," he said. "I can be more for Massachusetts." He got a gold-plated chair-tee for the most achieving act of treachery of the fiscal year. And only his surname in the senate house in his town. Willie said, "Sure I was a Democrat. But I've had a change of heart." "You're a cheat, W.W.," they said and nominated him.

He lost by the longest neck, says Rockefeller.

Maybe the voters suspected he had it.

Harry Truman owned a department store in 1946 and got nominated for the Senate because he took action and got paid with a smile. In 1944 they made him Vice President because he took orders and said yes with a smile, and his last-minute office. F.D.R. a few weeks ago. Because then they lost the north of New Mexico, who had a mistake. In 1945, Roosevelt died and Harry was suddenly Boss Man. Which was pretty embarrassing because what he did for a living was managing a department store in Independence, Missouri.

Harry made a name of things till the next leap year and then Dewey got the nomination and ran against him again. Well, the Gallup Poll figured that Harry didn't have a reasonable chance in hell. Rockers were losing 65 to 1 against him.

Dewey was very happy on poll night and had a glimmering vision. Truman was very sad and had a glass of hot milk before bed, at seven p.m. At midnight Dewey got up and said to the newsmen:

"Ah . . . a slight back." But the revolution drove our leaders stroke with the dove and milk went rising.

Nobody knew what had happened, least of all George Gallup, who got the sack in Burell Spur. George was deeply hurt and did a pile of research. Finally, he found out the reason Truman didn't win Dewey lost. The reason was Dewey lost was.

Well, I could never trust a man who won it miserably.

Clay in America, as the man said, "Was Dick Nixon Submerged by the Make up Girl?" and the headline, once, long ago. Oh dear!

Maybe Rocky did the right thing. To be elected by promise is to reject oneself as a king power. And think of all the money he can make now, writing pardoning laws for the Women's Weekly. Like the Duke of Windsor.

by BOB ELLIS

1. **THEORY** 2. **EXPERIMENT** 3. **CONCLUSION**



02 JUN 19

BINKIES' BURGERS



ARE BEST!



binkies drive-in restaurant

210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli

now open